THEATRICAL NOTES

AT THE KENTUCKY.

..Friday—Sylvia Linden in "Her Own Way."

Saturday, Matinee and Night—"Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Sylvia Lynden's Gowns and Jewels.

An attractive feature of Jules Murry's production of Clyde Fitch's greatest play, "Her Own Way," which will be seen at The Kentucky on Friday night, is the manner in which the women costume their parts. Miss Sylvia Lynden, who plays the leading part of Georgiana, is particularly fortunate in the selection of her gonws. In the first act she wears an elaborate brown velvet costume and carries the handsome sables that were purchased by her in St. Petersburg last summer. Her second dress is a negligee of fine lace bought from Brussels by a medber of her family over half a century ago. In the third act she is dressed in mourning, her handsome black gown relieved only by a string of pearls. These pearls came to her from her great grandmother, who purchased them in Spain. Miss Lynden does not believe in stage jewelry. Every ornament she wears is of the finest quality and in "Her Own Way," as the scenes are all modern, it is necessary that her jewelry be in keeping with her costumes and the surroundings of the play.

A Scene From "Her Own Way," at The Kentucky Friday Night.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf."

B. C. Whitney's gorgeous musical production, which had a phenomenal run of eight months at the New York Casino, is the offering for Saturday matinee and night at The Kentucky. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" has been termed a musical cocktail, which seems a vtting description. The entertainment is bright, snappy, lively and kaleidiscopic, and is calculated to dispel the blues. The story of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" concerns one August Melon, who can not touch two millions left him by his deceased wife, should he marry before his four daughters have found husbands. As the gay widower cruises along the sands of Atlantic City for a wife he meets the dashing widow Montague, whom he considers his affinity. Immediately they begin laying plans to marry off the four Melon girls. This complication leads up to a number of other amusing and scrutiatingly funny ones. If novelty of plot, ingenuity of treatment and an exciting, singing, dancing compay of broadway favorites count for anything in the make-up of a successful musical production, it is no wonder "Piff, Paff, Pouf" has been so successful. Stanislas Stange is responsible for the book and Jerome and Schwartz for the lyrics and music. There are more than twenty song successes, including "I'm the Ghost That Never Walked," "Love, Love, Love," "I'm So Happy," "Chingaling Fong," "Only You," "Under the Goo Goo Tree," "Cordelia Malone," "The Melancholy Sunbeam and the Rose," "I Don't Want Any Wurtzburger" and "Dolly Dimples." The production is handsomely staged, gorgeously presented and magnificently gowned; the scenic, electric and costuming embellishments being fresh and new, and an excellent performance is assured.

"A Ragged Hero."

The announcement of the presentation at The Kentucky on Monday night of next week of the comedy-drama, "A Ragged Hero," must surely be welcome to all who delight in that popular form of theatrical amusement. It is enacted by a company of 20. There is a romance running through the piece that impels heart interest. A spirit of sturdy Americanism pervades the whole.

"The House of Mirth" on the Stage.

There was a bright spot in the presentation of "The House of Mirth" at the Savoy theater last night. It was the acting of Albert Bruening in the role of Simon Rosendale, the Jew. His portrayal of the money worshipping, yet faithful friend of Lily Bart—the one real friend left to her among all the men who had been at her feet before she fell from society's favor—aroused the only genuine enthusiasm from an audience evidently predisposed to give the play a send-off. The greeting extended to the star, Miss Fay Davis and to the others, was merely formal.

When the third act ended, after dismisal lapses, punctuated by occasional faint laughter, over some clever line, enough applause was generated in the rear rows of the orchestra circle to send up the curtain three or four times for Miss Davis; and, finally, Mr. Fitch, whose name appeared on the program as the assistant of Mrs. Wharton in dramatizing her novel, led the authoress before the footlights, but the hand clapping in their honor was that of sympathetic admirers, and abbreviated. The popular playwright, after a second bow in company with the star, was permitted to withdraw without making the usual first-night speech.

As for Miss Davis—the fate of a rising star with her first success still to come, had clung to her in "The House of Mirth." With no chance to display the charm that had made friends for her when she undertook a lighter vein as Robert Lorraine's supporter in "Man and Superman," she filled the part of Lily Bart only at intervals. Apparently she had been acquiring a stock of affectations for the occasion, and her energetic eccentricities of speech so monopolized one's attention that it was hard to look beyond them.

She was "made up," too, for a Lily Bart older than the heroine of Mrs. Wharton. At any rate, the intervals in which she made one feel that Lily Bart was a reality were the times when the mentally distraught heroine was in the throes of a terrific strain. Then she was young enough, or old enough; and at the end when the curtain fell upon an overdose of chloral just begining to do its dread work, her age might have been a thousand. The dying Lilly Bart was, for the first time, all that was wanted of her.

While the plot for the most part, followed that of the novel, there was less of the problematical about the play. The Lawrence Seldon of the drama was at no time a silent lover; but showed his feelings on his first appearance, although until the end he was swayed by the doubts that were not to be dispelled even by Lily's death. The Augustus Trenor of the stage version was never a disinterested lender of funds, but from the start he "speculated" for her and paid her profits out of his own pocket for the purpose of exercising his power to accomplish her downfall.

That there were bright lines in the piece was not to be disputed.

"My mother," said the ill-fated young woman, "wasn't rich enough to give me money so she gave me expensive tastes instead."

Then, when Mrs. Trevor, the matron of many loves, had been advised by her latest admirer to "compose" herself, the response was: "Oh, you talk like a husband." To which he answered, "How can you say such cruel things to me?"

There was, to be sure, plenty of dialogue to rejoice him who delights in clever cynicism; but three hours of that sort of amusement must have been a bit wearing even on the most cynical.

Viola Allen in "Cymbeline."

Any performance of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" would be worth seeing if only because of the infrequency of the play's presentation on the stage. But when to the opportunity of viewing the unfamiliar material is added the charm of such an Imogene as is revealed in the acting of Miss Viola Allen the occasional becomes really noteworthy. Miss Allen has long enjoyed the reputation of being an essentially womanly actress, and as Imogen is essentially a womanly woman—an ideal of womanliness, in fact—it might have been assumed at the outset that the role would prove a sympathetic one for her.

But Miss Allen's previous achievements, in many cases most worthy, have hardly led one to expect quite so much of refined sensibility and expressive sympathy as she here displays. One may set the fact down promptly, then, that in this ecxquisite and appealing role the actress is revealing the ripe and mellow fruit of her years of study and experience, and that she brings to her task and intellectual appreciation of its requirements combined with a varfety of utterance considerably beyond anything she has previously disclosed.—New York Times.

Miss Sylvia Lynden, in "Her Own Way," at The Kentucky Friday Night.

SECRET BASEBALL SIGNALS

A Private Code Now Necessary for Every Successful Team.

Signaling in baseball had its origin about the same time as the discovery of the curve. Obviously the catcher should know whether an "in" or an "out" was coming in order that he might be prepared to catch it. At first the pitcher gestured. The mighty Radbourne signaled Mike Kelly by shifting his "quid" of tobacco. But codes of this sort were too easily interpreted by the opposite side, and catchers had to assume the task. With the adoption of the huge catcher's mitten worn on the left hand, signaling became comparatively easy. Shielded by the mitten on one side, by his right knee on the other, the backstop now telegraphs with naked fingers, not only to the pitcher but to the outfielders. In case the outfielders are not able to see, short-stop and second baseman relay the signs. Thus every man on the team knows what kind of a ball is going to be pitched, and all through the game Jim and Jack are conversing in their own secret code. Each player of New York's "Giants" knows the deaf-mute alphabet to the great improvement of the efficiency of the nine as a machine.—Allen Sangree in "The Strategy of the Ball Field," in Everybody's Magazine for October.

Girls of the Pony Ballet Octette, in "Piff, Paff, Pouf," at The Kentucky Saturday Matinee and Night.

Servantless Utopia.

Upton Sinclair's servantless communal colony has been located at Helicon Hall, Englewood, N. J., on the Palisades, half an hour by the commuting service from this city.

The colony is going to move induring the week, and among those who will spend the winter there, or at least who have promised to try to live through a winter, are W. J. Lampton author of "Yawps;" Upton Sinclair and family and Prof. and Mrs. William Noyes, Prof. John Dewey and family and Prof. and Mrs. Montague, all of Columbia University; Dr. and Mrs. Gwathmey, Edwin S. and Mrs. Potter, Edwin and Mrs. Bjorkman, Ellis O. Jones and family and Dr. Charles H. Castle of Cincinnati.

Everybody is going to eat breakfast with everybody else in a big dining hall, and if Mr. Lampton demands a Rooseveltian breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and cocoe, while Mr. Bjorkman and Mr. Sinclair insist on fluffed wheat and pig knuckles, one question prospective colonists are asking is: Who is to give in? Must Mr. Lampton write poems on a diet of pig knuckles, or can he get hard-boiled eggs when the menu gives only hash and prunes?

Rules for the government of the colony are to be prepared, and colonists would like to know whether or not these will prohibit "Waiting at the Church" or communal graphophones from midnight to dawn, practicing scales on the piano from 10 a. m., having to listen to readings of original poems or novels by colonists, and whether the communal children will be allowed to cry between the hours of 9 p. m. and 10 a. m.

Helicon Hall—and there are some who insist there is nothing in a name—is in the center of a beautiful park of nine acres on the border of a forest extending for fifteen miles along the top of the Palisades. There are a theter, bowling alleys, billiard rooms and a large dining hall, in addition to other buildings. The price paid for the property is said to have been $70,000.—New York World.

Rapid Growth of Towns.

Apropos of the mushroom growth of new towns on the western frontier, says the Minneapolis Journal, a locomotive engineer relates the following:

"One day I was driving my engine across the prairie, when suddenly a considerable town loomed up ahead where nothing had showed up the day before.

"'What town's this?' says I to my fireman.

"'Blamed if I know,' says Bill. 'It wasn't here when we went over the road yesterday.'

"Well, I slowed down, and directly we pulled into the station, where over 500 people were waiting on the platform to see the first train come in.

"The conductor came along up front and says to me:

"'Jim, first thing we know we'll be running by some important place. Get this town down on your list and I'll put a brakeman out on the rear platform to watch out for towns that spring up after the train gets by!'"

Mr. Herbert Denton, as "The Ragged Hero," at The Kentucky Monday Night., November 5th.

A Lively Career.

To a sturdy veteran like Mr. Bennet Burleigh it must be a mere detail of life to be thrown out of a motor car and severely bruised. Motor cars are among the least dangerous explosives with which he has had dealings. Three times during the American civil war he was sentenced to be shot, and the same campaign saw him charged with "piracy." At Tel-el-Kebir he went over the trenches with the fighting line and helped to mend the broken British square at Tamai. At Abu Klea, when Gen. Stewart had received his death wound, two of his fellow-journalists lay dead and he himself was injured in the foot, he led the little party who erected a barrier of biscuit boxes to stem the leaden hail of the enemy. The French-Madagascar war gave him the opportunity of walking 200 miles, nearly naked, in the midst of the wild Hovas.—Exchange.

Grape Seeds—Appendicitis.

"Grapes are another fruit that agree with most persons and can be eaten after any meal, though care should be taken when indulging in them after dinner, less the stomach be overloaded and indigestionbrought on before the individuals realize how many they have eaten," says a physician who has made a specialty of stomach and intestinal troubles. "Do not be afraid to eat the seeds in grapes or the skins of most of them. The idea that grape seeds bring on appendicitis is an erroneous one, and my belief is that the seeds when properly chewed help to cleanse the appendix, just as I know they aid digestion and cleanse the intestines. Grape jellies, jams and preserves with meats are beneficial, and next to apples help most in keeping the stomach in good condition."

Blind Faith.

Dr. Patton, former president of Princeton University, recently delivered a sermon in New York city, his subject being "Faith." He spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial and of the confidence of the sick in trusting themselves to the physician. "Here is a case of blind faith," said the clergyman. "The doctor writes out a prescription. Oftener than not you cannot read it, you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. 'Yours is not to reason why, yours but to do and die.'" A more or less audible smile rippled over the congregation and the orator flushed for a moment on realizing the double import of his quotation.

Could Take His Choice.

At a recent inquest in a Pennsylvania town, one of the jurors, after the usual swearing in, arose and with much dignity protested against service, alleging that he was the general manager of an important concern and was wasting valuable time by sitting as a juror at an inquest.

The coroner, turning to his clerk, said: "Mr. Morgan, kindly hand me 'ervis' (the authority on juries)." Then, after consulting the book, the coroner observed to the unwilling juror:

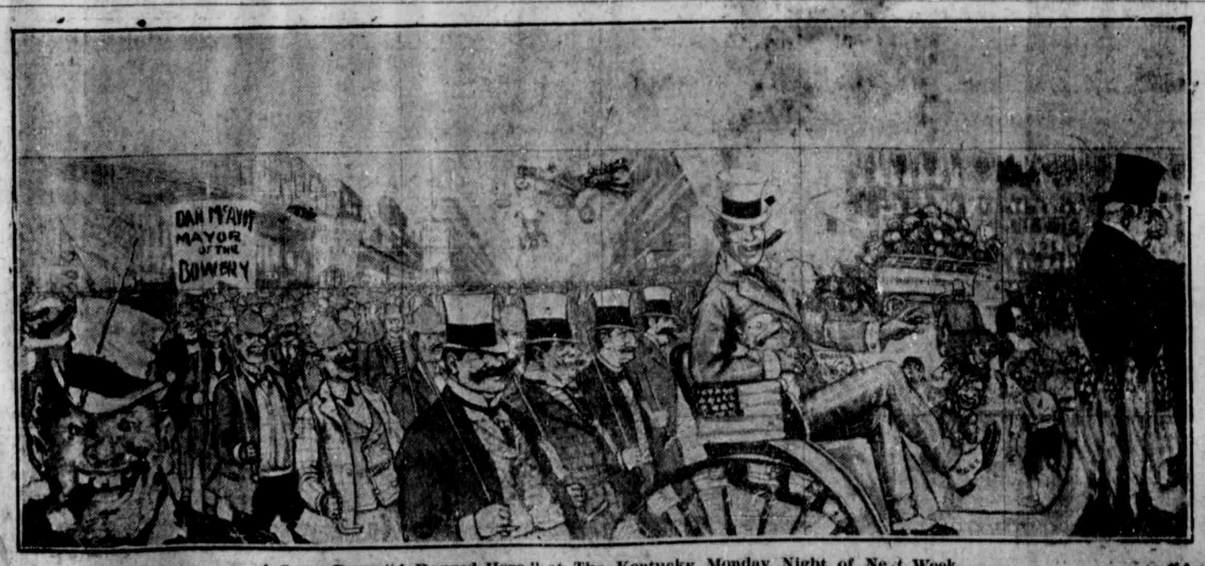
"Upon reference to 'Jervis,' I find, sir, that no persons are exempt from service as jurors except idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. Now, under which heading do you claim exemption?"—From "Success" Magazine.

The Century in 1907.

The Century promises at least seventy-five short stories throughout the coming year, besides the three serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elizabeth Robins and A. E. W. Mason. Among the noted writers who will contribute stories and novelettes to The Century during 1907 are Harry Stillwell Edwards author of "Two Runaways and Other Stories;" Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith;" Norman Duncan, author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador;" Harvey J. O'Higgins, author of "Don-a-Dreams;" Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Holden;" Elizabeth Jordan, author of "May Iverson, Her Book;" and Anne Warner, author of "Seeing with Uncle John."

Character in Household China.

If, as Howell says, the selection of china is the index of a woman's character, some former mistresses of the white house had complex minds. In the basement of the mansion the visitor may see a sample of every set of table ware used since Abigail Adams hung her laundry to dry in the east room. The most ornate set was the choice of the young daughter-in-law of President Van Buren. From the few pieces now on exhibition, it would seem that all America's flora and fauna were depicted in detail. Mrs. Hayes' china was the most costly ever used in the white house, as every piece was hand-painted and the work of selected artists in the French factory at Sevres.—New York Press.



A Scene From "A Ragged Hero," at The Kentucky Monday Night of Next Week.